

## The Middletown Transcript

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING  
—AT—  
MIDDLETOWN, NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DELAWARE

T. S. FOURACRE.  
CARE DISTANCE PHONE NO. 37.  
Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter

MIDDLETOWN, DEL., DEC. 11, 1909

### SCARE WORKED UP HARTLY

Shepherd Joslyn a well-to-do citizen  
Marked as Victim

People of Hartly and Maryland on the boundary line between Delaware and Maryland, says the Wilmington Evening News, have another sensation; the residents being wrought up over a "Black Hand" letter received Wednesday by Shepherd Joslyn, a wealthy retired citizen of Hartly, in which a demand was made for \$5,000 with the statement that "if Joslyn would rather live than die, he had better not fail to put the money in a box, as directed. The directions of the writer were to place \$1,000 bills in a box, together with four \$1,000 bills at the seventh telegraph pole leading from Hartly to Maryland. That he was to place the money in the box, close the lid and not pick it up. He was further warned that if he disclosed the contents of the letter he would be killed by a trap set for him. The letter, according to the postmark, was mailed at Maryland, Md., and was particularly noticed by Postmaster Hutchins, whose attention was attracted by the peculiar writing. It is supposed to have been mailed in the box outside of the postoffice sometime during the early morning of Wednesday or Tuesday night. When Mr. Joslyn received the letter he at first thought it a joke, but after consideration decided to acquaint his friends of the contents. As soon as the contents became known in the village, it was decided to have a number of men watch the telegraph pole, but instead of the seventh it was the sixth. From the box ran a string several hundred feet long, leading to a canny on the road from Hartly to Maryland. It was the intention, evidently of the party, if the money was placed in the canny, so as to avoid detection. Seven men guarded the place Wednesday evening, but no one appeared and the box was not disturbed. Suspicion is directed to a party with whom Mr. Joslyn once had some financial dealings. Officers of the law are working on the case.

### HELPING MOTHER

Girls, what are you doing to help your mothers? There are many households where the older girls might assume a large share of the burdens of housekeeping and lighten in many ways the labor of the overtaxed mothers. It seems as if the young girls of the present day are almost too much absorbed in becoming accomplished parlor ornaments to descend to anything so menial as cleaning up a room, making beds and arranging the table, and yet what more useful knowledge could be obtained or what accomplishment could be so admired in any girl as the desire and willingness to lighten poor mother's cares and toils? A young woman can earn and reads Tennyson, or spends hours at her piano or organ or painting, while her mother is doing the entire work of the family. There is a time for all things; Tennyson, music and art are very good in their place, and we would not have you suppose we desire you to do otherwise than enjoy them, but help mother first.

### CONTEST BETWEEN TWO FAST HORSES

A dispute is on among the horsemen over the outcome of a spirited race at the last meeting of the season at Kent County Driving Park of which Nathan Moore is the owner. Mr. Moore's fast mare, Daisy M., and Quinton Patchen, Wyoming's fast trotter, were pitted against each other. Quinton Patchen showed wonderful speed at the start of the race and won the first heat. The Daisy began to gain ground.

### DOG GUNNER SHOOTS BROTHER

LACRE, Dec. 9.—Shooting at what he supposed was a rabbit, late Tuesday afternoon, J. Philip Jones, aged 17, shot and critically wounded his six-year-old brother Peter. The little fellow, without the knowledge of his older brother, had followed the latter to the woods and, becoming tired, fell asleep under a cluster of bushes. On returning home Jones' dogs began barking and running around the sleeping boy. Philip, thinking that it might be a coon or fox that had attracted the dogs, cocked his gun, cautiously advanced and, when at a distance of about 90 yards, saw the object move and fired.

### BISHOP GOODSELL DEAD

Rev. Dr. Ayres Goodsell, resident bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died Sunday at his residence in New York. He has been ill several weeks, and death followed an operation for a carbuncle, from which he had suffered greatly.

### ASTIGMATISM of the Eye

WHEN an eye is said to be astigmatic, the meaning is that the eye has a double focus. This anomaly of the eye is usually congenital or so at birth—it is remedied by wearing glasses ground from the segment of a cylinder. These glasses, if rightly made, bring images to a focus on the retina thus relieving all strain from astigmatism. I am prepared to correct all common or complicated errors of sight—my examinations are free.

### DR. MAURICE B. BURSTAN

Registered Optometrist Optician.  
Cor. Broad and Main St.  
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE

## CECILTON

E. S. Short was a Philadelphia visitor recently.  
A. W. Jones, of near Maney, was in town last Thursday.  
Mrs. H. Price, of Jersey City, was the guest of Mrs. J. T. Wata last week.  
Miss Marion Clark, of Washington, has been visiting her parents near town.  
Mr. Samuel Hall, of Philadelphia, has been visiting friends and relatives here.  
William Freeman, Jr., of Philadelphia, is spending sometime with relatives here.  
Messrs. Harry Bodd and J. W. Davis spent several days last week in Philadelphia.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Black and son James spent one day last week in Wilmington.

### Game Law Violation Alleged

Gus Robinson, Dallas Wolf and Charles Jamison, all of St. Georges, were arrested Wednesday by Constable Jones for an alleged violation of the game law. It was said that they were fishing in a pond with a net for carp, which is prohibited. They will be arraigned before Magistrate Pyle on Saturday morning.

### FOR SALE!

Scarlet Clover Hay, baled \$16.00 ton  
Cotton Seed Meal \$35.00 ton  
Bran \$25.00 ton  
Old fashioned Buckwheat Flour \$3.00 bag

### JOSEPH E. HOLLAND,

Milford, Del.

### FOR SALE!

I have the following valuable farms for sale:  
386 acres 1/2 mile from Forest Station.  
213 acres 1 mile from Mt. Pleasant.  
165 acres 1 mile from Mt. Pleasant.  
180 acres on Levels.  
196 acres 2 miles from Middletown.  
153 acres 1/2 mile from Townsend.  
240 acres 1/2 mile from Keybolde.  
175 acres at Forest Station.

These farms are all near stations and possession will be given in March next.

### G. W. INGRAM,

Middletown, Del.

### Just Received!

A NEW LINE OF FRESH & CHOICE

### Candies

TRY A BOX OF OUR

"Duchess" Assorted Chocolates

Only 35c. a pound

### TRUITT'S Pharmacy,

Prescriptions a Specialty.

### FIRE INSURANCE

Town Property, Farm Buildings, and Stock

### TORNADO INSURANCE

Insure now against damage from wind storms

### Life and Accident Insurance

GEORGE D. KELLEY,  
Middletown, Del.

### FOR SALE

### 98 Acre Farm

One-half mile from railroad station, close enough to Wilmington to attend market. Nice 8 room dwelling. Stable for 8 horses and 8 cows, good granary, wagon shed and other outbuildings, all in good order. 20 acres good timber. 150 peach trees, 35 pear trees, 140 apple trees, cherries and grapes. Nicely located and good land. About 40 acres in wheat. This is a bargain and should sell in 30 days.

Price Only \$5,250.00

and \$2,000.00 can remain at 5 per cent. if desired. Call on or address

### E. H. BECK

Middletown, Del.

### SECURITY

TRUST AND SAFE DEPOSIT CO.,

S. W. COB. SIXTH & MARKET STS.

Wilmington, Del.

Capl. at \$600,000 Surplus \$600,000

Our Trust Department Will Settle Your Estate.

Our Money Department Will Transact Your Banking.

Our Safe Deposit Department Will Protect Your Valuables.

Our Real Estate Department Will Manage Your Properties.

OFFICERS:

Benjamin Nields, President.

James B. Clarkson, Vice-President.

John S. Roswell, Sec. & Trust Officer.

L. Scott Townsend, Treasurer.

### NOTICE!

I, WILSON D. MARVEL, licensed

droggist, tenant of the house, 317 Market

street, in the First ward of the city of

Wilmington, County of New Castle and

State of Delaware, in compliance with the

requirements of the Acts of the General

Assembly in each made and provided, do

hereby give notice that I shall apply in

writing to the Court of General Sessions

of the State of Delaware, in and for New

Castle County, on Monday, the third day

of January, A. D. 1910, being the next

term of said court, for a license for the

sale of a drug store, for the sale

therein of intoxicating liquors by prescription

for medicinal purposes, in less quantities

than one quart, and the following

responsible and of said ward, at least

twelve of whom are substantial freeholders

of said ward, recommended the said application, viz:

S. H. State, Jas. M. Price,

Harry A. Beeson, Jas. T. Laws,

Benjamin F. Rawley, Albert Newmyer,

E. Newmyer, Thos. O. Cooper, M.D.

## Public Sale

—AT—

### Klair's Bazaar

EVERY SATURDAY,

AT 1 O'CLOCK

### 50 to 100 Horses

This is the place to buy and sell your horses. Large lot of wagons, harnesses and blankets. The only horse bazaar that has increased its business over 50 per cent. the past year. Sale every Saturday.

W. H. KLAIR,

303 West Eighth Street,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

### Administrator's Sale

—OF—

### Real Estate

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of the State of Delaware, in and for New Castle County, made on the third day of December, D. 1909, will be exposed to sale at Public Vendue,

On Wednesday,

DECEMBER 15th, 1909,

At 2 o'clock, P. M.

At the Middletown Hotel, in the town of Middletown, County and State aforesaid,

the following described Real Estate late of John W. Denny, deceased, to-wit:

No. 1. All that certain farm or plantation with the buildings thereon erected situate in and adjoining the village of Port Penn, in St. Georges Hundred, New Castle County and State of Delaware,

lying on the South side of the public road leading from Boyd's Corner to Port Penn,

bounded in part by said public road and in part by the public road leading from Port Penn to Augustine Pier, and in part by the Delaware River and by lands late of Dr. John Aldrich, by now of Henry Hance, by the land hereinafter described as No. 2, by land now or late of John V. Craven, but formerly of John D. Dilworth, by land formerly of Joshua Green, by land of Mary Bessie, by land of the Starr Brothers Cannery Company, by land now or late of Martin Lane, by land of Henry Cleaver, by land of John Zachies and by land of Lewis Green, containing two hundred and fifty acres and ninety square perches of land, excepting thereout a small cemetery lot, with the free right of ingress, egress and regress thereto which was conveyed unto Mary E. R. Stewart by deed under the hands and seals of Martin Lane and wife, bearing date May 12th, A. D. 1897, and now remaining of record in the Office for the Recording of Deeds, Sec. in and for New Castle County aforesaid in Deed Record I, Volume 17, page 306.

Attendance will be given and terms made known by.

JOHN E. DENNY, Administrator of

John W. Denny, deceased, or by his Attorney, Martin B. Barrie, Esq.

Attest: JOSEPH C. JOLLA, Clerk O. C.

Wilmington, Del., December 3d, 1909.

### 1909 TIME TABLE 1909

DECEMBER

Thursday, 5, 12:30pm Friday, 5, 11:00am

Monday, 6, 5:00pm Tuesday, 7, 12:30pm

Thursday, 8, 5:00pm Friday, 9, 12:30pm

Monday, 13, 5:00pm Tuesday, 14, 12:30pm

Thursday, 15, 5:00pm Friday, 16, 12:30pm

Monday, 20, 5:00pm Tuesday, 21, 12:30pm

Thursday, 23, 5:00pm Friday, 24, 12:30pm

Monday, 27, 5:00pm Tuesday, 28, 12:30pm

Thursday, 30, 12:00pm Friday, 31, 7:30pm

Grain, Fruit and Stock Freight at Reasonable Rates.

Attention given to the Careful Handling and Prompt Delivery of all consignments.

For information in regard to freights, apply to

F. B. WATKINS, Manager

Odesa, Delaware

WILLIAM W. ROSE, Porter

Arch Street WHARF,

AS PER TIME TABLE.

PHILA

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PHILA

## M. Banning!

—AT—

### Fancy Groceries

Meats, Dry Goods

Notions, &c.

Now is the time to buy your Xmas Goods, while we have a large and fresh stock to select from. We have paid special attention to buying the very best goods for our trade, and we feel we can give you better attention and service as we have a larger space to display our goods.

Candies.--Just received a fresh line of Croft & Allen's Candies, also Taffy and package candies. New Nuts of all kinds now on sale.

Foreign Fruits.--You no doubt remember those delicious Cluster Raisins we had last year, we think our line excels last year's, as we have more varieties to select from. Also Foreign and Domestic Fruits in abundance.

Green Vegetables a Specialty

Fruit Cakes, Etc.--Everything in season for your Fruit Cake and Mince Meats. Also a fresh line of Cakes now in, including Fruit Cakes, from 1 to 5 lbs., and Fancy Cakes and Crackers.

Toilet Articles.--Have a nice assortment of Colgate's Toilet Articles, such as Extracts, Toilet Water, Talcum Powder, Soaps, etc.

Dry Goods.--Have enlarged our Dry Goods and Notion Department. Few novelties for Xmas presents. Come and give us a call before going elsewhere.

Thanking you for past favors and hoping to receive a part of your future patronage, we beg to remain

M. BANNING

Phone 60 East Main St.

Middletown, Del., Dec. 10, 1909

### The Clothing Store

That Started Right!

This Man's Clothing Store started right--always one-price, therefore having had nothing to reform. Perhaps we missed a strong talking point in not being able to say that we began by taking more from one customer than another for the SAME SUIT.

It's always a square deal in this store; one price and that the lowest for same quality.

Always buying for Spot Cash and Cash Selling has enabled us to undersell most stores.

We are the sole selling agents for A. B. Kirschbaum & Co., hand-made all wool Clothing, \$15 to \$20.

J. B. MESSICK,

Middletown, Del., Dec. 10, 1909

### The Iron

STEAMER CLIO

Captain H. V. Woodall

WILL LEAVE

Odesa for Philadelphia

AND RETURN FROM

Arch Street WHARF,

AS PER TIME TABLE.

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## THE LITTLE CANDLE

BY JAMES W. F. LINN

When Rodney Pinkham appeared among the candidates for the Valley Academy football team, the coach smiled.

What's your name? he asked. Rodney W. Pinkham, sir. You want to play football? Yes, sir.

Why, said the coach good naturedly, you're no bigger than a Christmas candle!

The boys who heard him laughed, but Pinkham was not disturbed. I weigh more than you'd think, sir, he said. I weigh one hundred and eight and one quarter pounds, and most of it is muscle, sir.

The coach smiled again. Well, Mr. Christmas Candle Pinkham, he said, I like your spirit, anyway, and we'll see what you can do.

The first day there were exactly thirty-four men at practice, and when the three eleven lined up for signal practice, Pinkham found himself the one left over. But he trotted along beside the coach without the least sign of annoyance, looking up at him seriously and listening attentively to what he said. The coach put him in at end for the last five minutes of formation work.

When it was over, he had all the candidates run from one end of the field to the other. Pinkham finished sixth. Hello! said the coach. You can run, can't you?

Yes, sir, said Pinkham. Hello, Candle! said Tommy Horton, the halfback, winking to big Sloan, the center. Aren't you afraid the rain'll melt you? No, sir, answered Pinkham. After a moment he smiled, a shy, embarrassed smile. I guess that was a joke, wasn't it? he said. Sloan and Horton doubled themselves up with laughter. After that every one called him Candle Pinkham.

He appeared on the field every day, rain or shine. Football was his passion. When he got a chance in the scrimmage, which he soon did, he showed that his size was not altogether a disadvantage, for he could wriggle through a hole that nobody else on the squad could find and he was a very difficult person to dodge. In two weeks he was playing end on the "scrub" and was the proudest boy in Valley-side.

There's one thing about you, Candle, said the coach, one day. It's a real pleasure to see you play, you enjoy it so much.

Why, don't you think it's fun, sir? asked Pinkham, wondering. Valley-side had excellent prospects that year. Sloan, the center; Jimmy Edwards, the quarter back and captain, and Horton, the left half, were all remarkable players, and the rest of the eleven were at least average, with the exception of the right end. After three weeks the make-up of the team had been practically settled, save for that end position. After the Mountfort game, Edwards and the coach were talking it over.

There's just one man in Valley-side who could make good there, I'm perfectly sure, said Edwards. That's Babb. But he won't come out, confound him! You know he played for Blount School last season and he was a star. When I heard he was coming here, I gave up worrying about one end. But I've talked to him a dozen times, and I can't move him; he won't try.

What's the matter with him? asked the coach. He's got a bee in his bonnet, answered Edwards, crossly. He says he doesn't like the game.

Why not? Says it's bad for a man. He isn't afraid of getting hurt, either, but you see, he was ruled off twice for hitting a man last year, and he has never got over it. I don't think he's a dirty player; they say he had provocation both times. But he's a queer chap; I can't make him out. He says that he loses his temper when he plays, and does things he has no business to do, and so he has made up his mind not to play.

He'd better make up his mind to keep his temper, said the coach.

That's what I told him, Edwards replied. But he said, he had an idea that if you found you couldn't resist temptation, the next best thing was to avoid it, and that was what he meant to do. And I can't get another thing out of him.

Well, said the coach, if we can't get him, we can't. Now I'll tell you something, Jimmy. I'm half inclined to give young Pink-

ham a show at end.

What? demanded Edwards. The Candle! Just so. Of course he's awfully light, but he's wiry and fast, and never seems to get hurt. He's far and away the most faithful worker on the squad; you can absolutely depend on him to do as he's told, and best of all, he's got football sense.

There's something in what you say, admitted Edwards, thoughtfully. Then he laughed. What do you think I saw him doing yesterday noon? Throwing a football up on that sloping roof at the west end of the dormitory, and catching it as it came off. It would bounce every way, and now and then he'd miss it; and when he did, he'd fall on it every time; he never picked it up once! Oh, he loves the game, all right, said the coach.

That afternoon, when the coach lined up the first eleven for signal practice, he called: Pinkham, you take right end! The boy actually jumped. What, sir? I? he said. Harry up! answered the coach. And Pinkham's eyes, shone like the candles he was named for as he trotted to his place.

The game that week was with Neoka. The field was wet and the ball slippery. The first time Tommy Horton was given the ball, he squeezed it out of his arms before he was fairly started.

There was a wild scramble. When the players of both sides were untangled, at the bottom was Candle Pinkham the ball hugged tight to his stomach. Valley-side made three more fumbles in the first ten minutes, and in two out of three little Pinkham saved the ball. Then Valley-side braced and scored.

Rah, rah, rah, Horton! yelled the crowd; and then, after a moment, Rah, rah, rah, Pinkham! Through the dirt on his face the boy's embarrassed smile made its way.

Neoka kicked off, and the running and smashing began again. So, also, did the fumbling. At last Valley-side's right half got the ball, circled the opposing end, but was caught by the defensive half back; and as he was tackled the ball flew high and wide. Pinkham, racing behind, caught it on a lucky bound, and pushed on; but the opposing full-back tackled him squarely, and down they went in a heap.

Neoka's captain and right tackle, a boy weighing a hundred and seventy pounds, came up, and just as the referee's whistle blew, hurled himself squarely upon Pinkham and the full-back. There was a roar and a hiss from the stands. When Horton and the referee pulled the men apart, little Pinkham did not move.

Dirty! Take him out! yelled the stands. The umpire slapped the Neoka captain on the shoulder. Get off the field he said, curtly, Quick, now!

What for? asked the boy, angrily. You know very well, said the umpire. You heard the whistle. Didn't you? I won't have any dirty play here. You get out.

The Valley-side coach was working over Pinkham. The boy gasped and drew his legs up to his body; then he shook himself and opened his eyes.

I'm—I'm all right, sir, he said. I guess I had my wind knocked out, that's all.

Can you stand? asked the coach. Of course I can, said Pinkham, getting unsteadily to his feet. I'm all right.

It was a dirty play, said the coach. They've ruled him off. Who? asked Pinkham, wondering.

Briggs, the man who jumped on you after you were down. Oh, but, cried Pinkham, eagerly, that's not fair! He ought not to be ruled off. I wasn't down—not stopped, anyway. I think—I'm pretty sure I could have got free. I was trying awfully hard.

But the whistle blew, said the coach. I didn't hear it, said Pinkham, and I don't think they ought to rule him off.

What's that? demanded the referee who was standing by them. Pinkham explained again, in his shy, serious, embarrassed fashion. Well! said the referee. He called to the umpire. Here, Dick, listen to this! Both teams were gathered round now.

Well, said the umpire to Edwards, what do you say, Valley-side? Can't you play, said Edwards. No, sir, answered the umpire, briefly. The stands had been look-

ing on in curiosity. When it was all explained, and both Briggs and little Pinkham took their places again in the line-up, there was wild cheering from both sides. In the second half Valley-side fumbled less, but Neoka began to find herself. Again and again she sent her right half round Pinkham's end. Again and again little Rodney averted through the interference and got the man, but his lack of weight held him; for he could not always hold him; the runner would crawl forward two, three, four yards.

Finally, near the close of the game, he broke loose altogether, the full back missed him clean on an easy tackle, and Neoka scored a touch down. They missed the goal, however, and the game ended six to five in favor of Valley-side. But little Pinkham was broken-hearted. I'm no good, he said to the coach. I'm too light. His eyes were full of tears. No, said the coach. You played a good game, Pinkham. Don't you fret. I wish you were twenty or thirty pounds heavier, but you did your level best, and that's all anybody can do. I'm too light! repeated Pinkham mournfully.

It's perfectly true, said the coach after a while. He is too light. I'm afraid Rockville will smash things up around his end. What do you say we play Horton with him on that side of the line?

It wouldn't do, said Edwards. It would only weaken the other end and throw Tommy all off.

Well, anyway, said the coach, Pinkham keeps end—that's settled. He's the best man that's played there, in spite of his weight, and he's a dandy little sportsman, besides.

He's all that, admitted the captain. But I wish that man Babb would come out!

Why don't you make one more try? asked the coach. I think I will, said Edwards.

Early on Monday afternoon he went to Babb's room.

Look here, Babb, he said, I'm no better, but I've got something to say to you. He outlined the situation, and ended, Now the school needs you; will you come out?

Babb, a tall, dark, quite young fellow, listened in silence. When Edwards had finished, he answered: To tell the truth, Edwards, I've been thinking the thing over, and I guess I was wrong. Yes, I'll come out.

Good! said Edwards. To-day? To-day, certainly. When I make up my mind, I make it up.

The captain, overjoyed, hastened to find the coach. On the way out he thought of the little—the recollection that when Babb came on, little Candle Pinkham must be dropped.

It's too confoundedly bad, agreed the coach. I never coached any boy I liked more than that little chap. But if Babb makes good, it's got to be done, and he'll be the first to see it.

Yes, that's true, said Edwards. Babb came out, and little Pinkham retired to the scrub, where he played as faithfully and apparently with as much enjoyment as on the first eleven.

In three weeks more came the great game with Fockville, and Valley-side won. Babb was everywhere on the field—he shared the laurels equally with Jimmy Edwards.

After the game was over, and the shouting, there was, as usual, a big dinner, at which the head master presided. He spoke, and the coach spoke, and the captain, and then there were cries for Babb. The boy rose, tall, cool, master of himself.

You fellows will excuse me, I think, if I say one or two words about myself, he began, and they're only the preface to what I really want to tell you. You know I wouldn't come out for the team at first, and I think many of you know why. Last year I was ruled off twice for s'gging. I knew I meant to be a gentleman, and I figured that it was the game that was bad, because I was no gentleman when I played it.

Well, you saw the Neoka game, and what happened there; and you remember what little Pinkham did.

"Rah, rah, rah, Pinkham!" cried somebody far down the table. But Babb went right on: That set me to thinking. It seemed to me if a boy could love the game as he did, and yet be as square as he was, the game couldn't be all bad; perhaps there was something wrong with me. On the next Monday afternoon Captain Edwards asked me again to go out, and I said I would. I did, and I played as well as I knew how; and because I was big and lucky and lots older than Pinkham, I made the team, and he went back to the scrub. And now I'm going to tell you the real reason why I went out to practice. It wasn't only what Pinkham did at Neoka; it wasn't at all because Captain Edwards came and asked me on Monday afternoon. It was because little Pinkham came himself on Monday morning and begged me with tears in his eyes to go out and play, when he knew that if I made good, it would mean putting him off the team; and I said I would. And I swore if a boy who loved football as much as he did was that kind of a chap, I'd stick at it as long as I could, and keep my temper while I played it—and I mean it!

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Can you stand? asked the coach. Of course I can, said Pinkham, getting unsteadily to his feet. I'm all right.

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But the whistle blew, said the coach. I didn't hear it, said Pinkham, and I don't think they ought to rule him off.

What's that? demanded the referee who was standing by them. Pinkham explained again, in his shy, serious, embarrassed fashion. Well! said the referee. He called to the umpire. Here, Dick, listen to this! Both teams were gathered round now.

Well, said the umpire to Edwards, what do you say, Valley-side? Can't you play, said Edwards. No, sir, answered the umpire, briefly. The stands had been look-

ing on in curiosity. When it was all explained, and both Briggs and little Pinkham took their places again in the line-up, there was wild cheering from both sides. In the second half Valley-side fumbled less, but Neoka began to find herself. Again and again she sent her right half round Pinkham's end. Again and again little Rodney averted through the interference and got the man, but his lack of weight held him; for he could not always hold him; the runner would crawl forward two, three, four yards.

Finally, near the close of the game, he broke loose altogether, the full back missed him clean on an easy tackle, and Neoka scored a touch down. They missed the goal, however, and the game ended six to five in favor of Valley-side. But little Pinkham was broken-hearted. I'm no good, he said to the coach. I'm too light. His eyes were full of tears. No, said the coach. You played a good game, Pinkham. Don't you fret. I wish you were twenty or thirty pounds heavier, but you did your level best, and that's all anybody can do. I'm too light! repeated Pinkham mournfully.

It's perfectly true, said the coach after a while. He is too light. I'm afraid Rockville will smash things up around his end. What do you say we play Horton with him on that side of the line?

It wouldn't do, said Edwards. It would only weaken the other end and throw Tommy all off.

Well, anyway, said the coach, Pinkham keeps end—that's settled. He's the best man that's played there, in spite of his weight, and he's a dandy little sportsman, besides.

He's all that, admitted the captain. But I wish that man Babb would come out!

Why don't you make one more try? asked the coach. I think I will, said Edwards.

Early on Monday afternoon he went to Babb's room.

Look here, Babb, he said, I'm no better, but I've got something to say to you. He outlined the situation, and ended, Now the school needs you; will you come out?

Babb, a tall, dark, quite young fellow, listened in silence. When Edwards had finished, he answered: To tell the truth, Edwards, I've been thinking the thing over, and I guess I was wrong. Yes, I'll come out.

Good! said Edwards. To-day? To-day, certainly. When I make up my mind, I make it up.

The captain, overjoyed, hastened to find the coach. On the way out he thought of the little—the recollection that when Babb came on, little Candle Pinkham must be dropped.

It's too confoundedly bad, agreed the coach. I never coached any boy I liked more than that little chap. But if Babb makes good, it's got to be done, and he'll be the first to see it.

Yes, that's true, said Edwards. Babb came out, and little Pinkham retired to the scrub, where he played as faithfully and apparently with as much enjoyment as on the first eleven.

In three weeks more came the great game with Fockville, and Valley-side won. Babb was everywhere on the field—he shared the laurels equally with Jimmy Edwards.

After the game was over, and the shouting, there was, as usual, a big dinner, at which the head master presided. He spoke, and the coach spoke, and the captain, and then there were cries for Babb. The boy rose, tall, cool, master of himself.

You fellows will excuse me, I think, if I say one or two words about myself, he began, and they're only the preface to what I really want to tell you. You know I wouldn't come out for the team at first, and I think many of you know why. Last year I was ruled off twice for s'gging. I knew I meant to be a gentleman, and I figured that it was the game that was bad, because I was no gentleman when I played it.

Well, you saw the Neoka game, and what happened there; and you remember what little Pinkham did.

"Rah, rah, rah, Pinkham!" cried somebody far down the table. But Babb went right on: That set me to thinking. It seemed to me if a boy could love the game as he did, and yet be as square as he was, the game couldn't be all bad; perhaps there was something wrong with me. On the next Monday afternoon Captain Edwards asked me again to go out, and I said I would. I did, and I played as well as I knew how; and because I was big and lucky and lots older than Pinkham, I made the team, and he went back to the scrub. And now I'm going to tell you the real reason why I went out to practice. It wasn't only what Pinkham did at Neoka; it wasn't at all because Captain Edwards came and asked me on Monday afternoon. It was because little Pinkham came himself on Monday morning and begged me with tears in his eyes to go out and play, when he knew that if I made good, it would mean putting him off the team; and I said I would. And I swore if a boy who loved football as much as he did was that kind of a chap, I'd stick at it as long as I could, and keep my temper while I played it—and I mean it!

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